

A TALK ABOUT PARASOLS, SHIRT WAISTS AND SKIRTS.

The Most Conspicuous Articles in the Summer Woman's Wardrobe.

(Copyright 1898. For the Times.)
NEW YORK, June 2.—When Lady Catherine Duer, great grandmother of Mrs. Clarence Mackay, danced with Washington in the inaugural ball, tradition has it that some one stepped upon the lace of her petticoat and tore it until half a yard hung dragging on the floor. The Father of His Country, seeing the predicament of his fair partner, turned his head while a coterie of fair dames surrounded her and tore off the offending edge of lace.

If such an accident were to happen now the petticoat—so conspicuous and prom-

course, and no ordinary seamstress can make them.
I saw one the other day which was in a beautiful shade of magenta. Eight inches from the foot it was trimmed with a puffing sky blue silk and with little knots of ribbon. Another puffing extended around the skirt three inches below the first one, and between the puffings, there was a frill of black lace. A heavy black lace ruffle hung to the floor. The ruffle was trimmed with blue silk ribbon and was underlaid with a lace source of its own.

VERY EXTRAVAGANT.

Let no one suppose that these skirts

are carried or a black parasol trimmed with magenta.
I saw some beautiful plaid silk parasols the other day that, while being very pretty, were not too conspicuous. They were trimmed around the edge with a very

beautiful ruffle of very nice lace and they were also decorated with stripes of ribbon and bunches of flowers. Beautiful ruffles of silk were around the ferrule.
If bunches of flowers are tucked upon the parasol very flat and if the flowers are very small, the parasol can be closed without interference. They are sewed on while the parasol is shut, so when it is opened they will be in exactly the right place. It is very difficult to trim an open parasol with heavy work because it will be found to close awkwardly.

Many carriage parasols are trimmed on the inside, which is a very sensible arrangement, since it is inside you see. They have very large bunches of flowers bows of ribbon, ruffles of lace and indeed every conceivable ornamentation concealed in their depths.

Trimming a parasol is as much an art for the summer woman to learn as trimming a sailor hat, for she can change the parasol to match her dress or can take a cheap one and make it into an expensive one. A one dollar parasol of parme, or quartz, or beet or orange can be made into a ten dollar parasol by tasteful trimming. A chiffon ruffle around the ferrule, another around the edge, strips of ribbon finished with a little bow and tiny bunches of violets will make a result which is highly effective.

SHIRT WAISTS.

It is impossible to close a fashion letter without reference to the shirt waist girl. She has become so popular that her name is more than a legend. There is, in fact, scarcely a girl who is not a shirt waist girl. I saw one the other day with a waist of heavy chambray. It was braided and lined to look like an expensive cloth material. It was fashioned to wear in fall or on cool days. I take it, for it was really too heavy for August use. It was made with tight back and full blouse front.

In fact the blouse bagged. You can scarcely buy a waist that does not bag

AN OVER-TRIMMED PARASOL.

skirt and it is folded in every pretty style across the front. Sometimes it is tied in a four-in-hand, sometimes in an ascot, and sometimes in a way that is original.

THE HEART OF SAVAGERY.

A Tragedy of Beachcombers in the Far Away South Sea.

The South Sea is full of obscure tragedies. Tragedy was often the end of adventure, and then, too, none but the most venturesome or the most abandoned of white men sought to live among the wild islanders in the days, not so far remote, when the missionary had not yet introduced his steeple churches and taught the natives the price of an axe or a handful of ship biscuit. The tale of one of the forgotten tragedies is drawn from an official document on which forty years of slumbering in a forgotten pigeonhole has served to dim the writing and to dull the imprint of

feeds. Suvarrow is marked on the charts as uninhabited, and therefore, is not a port of call for the vagrant whaler in his search for sperm, the trader or the blackbird. Yet now and again little

island colonies may be found on the bare sands of the atoll, for in the lagoon grow the pearl oyster and the beche-de-mer, which Chinamen eat, and on the sands great turtles come to lay their eggs by night. Hence beachcombers mysteriously wandering beyond the confines of civilization at odd times camp on the bare islets in search of the wealth of tortoise shell, pearl shell and trepan of the sea affords. This is the story of one such colony on the desolate atoll of Suvarrow, a tale whose events were complete in 1887, but have never yet been made known beyond the confines of South Sea beaches.

In the early months of 1887 Thomas Charlton of Martha's Vineyard, a runaway, was hired from a Nantucket whaler, who was living on the island of Manahiki. When he was fishing one day in a canoe outside the coral reef a sudden squall carried him and his party of islanders out of sight of land and left them adrift and unaided upon the open ocean. South Sea tradition is a mass of tales of such involuntary voyaging. With such help as a sailor could get from dead reckoning and a knowledge of the set of the trade winds, Charlton managed to bring his canoe to Suvarrow and there established his colony of Manahikians. In addition to his wife Sumaria, Charlton, or Tama, as he was called in the liquid speech of the islanders, numbered the census of his colony at Suvarrow at eight souls. He and his wife, Kokorarik, a Paumotu woman from the far eastern island away to windward of Tahiti, and, as the event proved a shrewd and conscienceless woman, Kaitai and his wife, and the single man, Napa, a native of Orea and Vaimau. With true Polynesian apathy these people made the best they could of a bad affair built their houses near a source of water, and took up the thread of life where it had been broken by the squall at Manahiki, a colony of leagues away. There was food on the island and water—that is enough for a colony of folk whose needs are simple.

They were destined to live not long alone. Captain Sustenance was sailing those seas in his topsail schooner Dart. Captain Sustenance might not be classed among the elect. He was not a good man, even according to the standard of these waters, where the only good thing about the "Dart" was the big, solid, stoutly built "Dart" and his crew. Apparently much concerned when he heard that they had not reached Samoa, he asked in what direction Pukapuka bore, and when the shipmaster pointed down to the west, he seemed much relieved and sagaciously reached that island.

Yet in her original story and in this renewed interest in the voyage of the beachcombers Kokorarik was but playing a leading part in a tissue of fabrications which was sufficiently to deceive Sustenance and it may be said that it is by no means easy to pull the wool over the eyes of a South Sea trader.

The three beachcombers had been murdered on Suvarrow in the presence of this woman and every other person on the island, and Kokorarik herself had planned the consistent story which had deceived the mail from suspicion. The wife of Tama, that is, Tom Charlton, the American, which she made to Tahiti, the native missionary teacher on Raka-hama.

For some time after the last visit which Sustenance made at Suvarrow the people busied themselves about their several occupations. Tama and his Manahikians fished and cured the beche-de-mer, Joe and the Penrhyn Islanders worked at the beds of pearls and the occupation of doing nothing by spells of watching the others at work. He was well liked by the islanders so was Charlton. But Joe Bird acted as the superior being in so apt to do when living among the islanders. He brought two women from Penrhyn to Suvarrow with him, and while there he took away the wives of three of his divers. He was not choicer in his wooing, for it was proved that when he wanted to take a woman he flogged her with a piece of rope or the tail of the stingaree until her consent was won. A common threat when any of his divers proved refractory was that he would cut them in two and would eat their livers, and when one is in a cannibal's hands a threat does not seem as improbable as it might appear in other conditions in life. Often he deprived his divers of their rations and water when their take was small, and he would fix for a day's task. The divers plotted to take revenge upon him, and saw clearly that they must make away with the other white men at the same time.

The opportunity came early one morning. Joe Bird missed some coconuts from his pit. He went first to Tom Charlton and questioned the Manahikians as to the theft. This was no more than a matter of form, for no word ever suspected a Manahikian of theft. Receiving their denial in good part Joe took his gun and sword and stroled over to the quarters of his divers. The various people on the island were engaged in various concerns. Kokorarik was cooking a bird for breakfast. Here's wife was attending her sick husband as lomolomoi, the effective South Sea massage; the other Manahikians had just started out after beche-de-mer. Tom, with his pistol and sword, hurried after Joe Bird and after him came Jules Parant with a sword. Arrived at the houses of the divers Joe charged their head man, Tangaroa, with stealing the coconuts and a fling of over his head. Then he grappled with Tangaroa and called to Tom for help. Tom ran up and got hold of Tangaroa's head and snapped his pistol at him. It missed fire and he recaptured it, taking the fresh cap from his little chamber in the fresh cap from his pocket. As he aimed a second time a savage named Maori caught

A Hurricane of Bargains

FOR TO-MORROW AT THE
BIG MAIN STREET DRY GOODS HOUSE

—OF—

Jacob Lewit & Son,

1533 East Main Street.

While some folks are bemoaning their slow business we are having the greatest business boom of our existence, and only because we offer EXCEPTIONALLY DESIRABLE GOODS at ESPECIALLY SMALL PRICES. Notice the few price hints thrown out in the following, but you'll find rare bargains in every department.

Millinery! Millinery!

We offer to-morrow some extraordinary values in this department.

36 dozen fine Trimmed Sailor Hats, in white, two-toned, and colors, none worth less than 50c., some as much as 85c.—but to-morrow... 33c

112 dozen Ladies' Black Dress Shapes, in chip, hair-brands and fine fancy straw; worth regularly from 60c. to \$1.50, but in this 29c lot..... 29c

32 dozen White Short-back Sailors, which have been 85c., to-morrow... 32c

51 dozen fine Pure White Tape Sailors, also some solid black, with black velvet bands—a regular \$1.48 hat, to-morrow..... 67c

30 dozen of the finest Pure White Linen Tape Sailors, with narrow black velvet bands, either straight or bell crown; the swelled kind of a hat and regularly sells at \$2.00, but 80c to-morrow..... 80c

50 POZZEY BUNCHES OF ROSES TO-MORROW, per bunch 5c

Upwards of 30 Children's Trimmed Hats, lots of them pure white with white trimmings—just the thing for school commencement. Prices start at 45c., then 55c., 65c., and 75c., any worth at least double asking price.

40 newly-trimmed Hats for ladies go on sale to-morrow at SLASHED 17 PER CENT.

98c for \$1.75 Hats.
\$1.48 for \$2.50 Hats.
\$1.73 for \$3.50 Hats.

\$2.23 for \$4 and \$5 Hats
SPECIAL—30 dozen fine Black Panama velvet short-back, trimmed Sailors, velvet bound, a \$6.00 hat, to-morrow..... 20c

Straw Walking Hats at less than half price.
30 Trimmed Walking Hats 10c
50c. Walking Hats..... 23c

75c. Walking Hats..... 39c
\$1.00 Fine Panama Walking Hats now..... 46c

22 dozen Fine Panama Sailors, in high, low or medium crowns, with all-silk ottoman band which have been \$1.50, to-morrow..... 79c

A great sale of fine White India Linons, Plaid Nainsook and Imported Organdies.

The 8c. grade fine sheer India Linon, to-morrow..... 4c
The 10c. grade fine sheer India Linon, to-morrow..... 5c

125c. India Linon and Victoria Lawns, to-morrow..... 7c
15c. India Linons, an excellent value at that price, will to-morrow be..... 8c

500 yards of extra sheer India Linon, the usual 25c. grade, to-morrow..... 13c

34 pieces fine White Swiss, with beautiful lapel cords and vines, makes the daintiest kind of summer dress, to-morrow..... 9c

42 pieces Bath Plaid Nainsooks, the regular 15c. kind, to-morrow..... 4c

50 pieces solid-color Organdies, including blacks, light blues, apples and greens, black and pink, at 25c. ways 25c., but this lot to-morrow..... 8c

10 pieces 25c. White Organ-dies, to-morrow..... 12c

7 pieces 2-yard-wide Imported Organdies, as fine as a spider's web, worth at least a half dollar, but to-morrow this little lot at..... 35c

Another plunge in cotton goods and you reap the benefit.

500 yards Androsoggin Bleached Cotton, to-morrow..... 5c

1,500 yards fine Brown Cotton, to-morrow..... 1c

30 pieces only wide Sea Island Tubed Cotton, to-morrow..... 2c

1,200 yards yard-wide Bleached Cotton, nice, even thread, per yard..... 3c

Standard 10c. Unbleached Jeans, to-morrow..... 4c

2,000 yards of heavy round-thread Unbleached Cotton, the best a nickel ever bought, to-morrow..... 3c

2,000 yards fast-color Scotch Lawns, to-morrow..... 2c

Standard Apron Checks, to-morrow..... 2c

A Our Knit Underwear Department is overflowing with big values—take a hint by these:

Children's, Misses and Ladies' Sleeveless Ribbed Vests, each..... 3c

Ladies' Full-Bleached Vests, good stock..... 5c

Ladies' Sleeveless Vests, tape neck and arms, a 10c. value..... 6c

75 dozen Half Size Thread Sleeveless Vests, full bleached, a 25c. value, to-morrow..... 8c

Ladies' Half-Size Vests, low neck, full bleached, a 25c. Vest, to-morrow..... 10c

120 dozen Men's fine gauge, Balbriggan Underwear, worth at least 3 for \$1.00, to-morrow each..... 19c

12 styles of 37c. and 50c. Balbriggan Underwear to go to-morrow at, a garment..... 25c

JACOB LEWIT & SON

The Hustlers for Trade.

No indication in the way of goods or stores that the woman had told other than the truth. For the following fortnight the Manahikians and the Penrhyns were on the Dart on the homeward voyage back to Penrhyn, and not a word or a sign gave reason to suspect that the story was false.

Some weeks later Sustenance touched in the course of trade at Raka-hama, and there again encountered the woman Kokorarik. She asked at once for the mail from Suvarrow, and had apparently much concerned when she heard that they had not reached Samoa, she asked in what direction Pukapuka bore, and when the shipmaster pointed down to the west, she seemed much relieved and sagaciously reached that island.

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him by the hand, whereupon Tom knocked him down with a blow in the eye. But as he fell Maori caught Tom by the feet and threw him with the assistance of Tangaroa, and these two then seized him and tied his hands and feet. Meanwhile a savage named Rapa-hua seized Joe Bird and threw him down and with the help of Tangaroa lashed his head. Parant had no firearms, but he came on a run with his sword at Maori. The latter, with the aid of Popokia and Natoto, tied the Frenchman up like his mates. The three beachcombers were then thrown into the other two were under the thwarts. Joe Bird begged his captors for mercy and offered all he had if only his life might be spared.

But Tom bade him not to be a child, for it was now too late, and he himself and his companions, they are taking them away in the boat. Tom's wife, Kokorarik, and Kaitai's wife all hastened to the boat. Here Sumaria and Kaitai's wife had already cast off the lashings from Tom's arms, and the two were now aiming a gun at the women and forced them to desist. Tom, apparently thinking that they were to be set on one of the islets across the lagoon, then bade Kaitai's wife to sail the Manahikians to launch the boat. This the Penrhyns prevented with guns and swords, and four rowers by this time having come across, they pulled the boat out into the lagoon. Tom was seated on the gunwale and the other two were lying under the thwarts. Joe Bird begged his captors for mercy and offered all he had if only his life might be spared.

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